

ROLLERDERBY

for Women



Summer
#7 \$2



LISA: I want to ask you about flowers and babies. Do you miss them there in prison?

GG: Flowers? And babies?

LISA: Must be lonely and gray in there.

GG: Flowers and babies, huh? No, no, I don't miss them. Not at all.

LISA: What do you eat for breakfast?

GG: I don't get up that early.

LISA: What's your ideal breakfast? What is just the best meal in your mind?

GG: Well I just eat whatever. Whatever, you know. It doesn't really matter too much what I eat, I guess.

LISA: (sighs) How about some soft, fluffy pancakes and red, juicy strawberries?

GG: Whatever food-stamps will buy.

LISA: What's your favorite color?

GG: My favorite color?

LISA: Yes.

GG: (laughs) Oh Lisa! You're asking complicated questions.

LISA: Everybody has a favorite color, GG.

GG: I never really put that much thought into that one.

LISA: (trying to read his mind) Baby blue?

GG: Baby food?

LISA: Baby blue.

GG: Baby blue? No, absolutely not. I was thinking maybe when I get out we should hook up. Do a show together, or maybe a video.

LISA: So when did you stop hating me?

GG: I don't know if I ever did. (Sings) "I stopped hating you today." I don't know, Lisa...I probably never did stop hating you, but that's what makes it so interesting.

LISA: Do you remember our date?

GG: No, I don't.

LISA: In New York?

GG: Oh yeah, yeah -- I was real fucked up that night.

LISA: You said you didn't like my tap shoes so I threw them out into the street. And then you tried to get my wedding ring.

GG: Yeah, I remember that. Didn't I jump on you or something?

LISA: I was wearing a white lace dress and you cut it with a knife. It was so exciting.

GG: I bet! Yeah! We got to do a video.

LISA: Last time you said you wanted to do a video with me, I heard from the guy who was supposed to film it that you were planning on killing me.

GG: Well, that was then, Lisa. Times have changed!

LISA: (laughs) So you're much sweeter now?

GG: I'm not touchin' that one. I'm not touchin' that one!

LISA: What's your fondest memory?

GG: Fuck, I don't know.

LISA: You must have a lot of time to think, in there.

GG: I've got a lot of time to think about a lot of things. I ain't got too many fondest memories to think about though.

LISA: There has to be something comparatively good.

GG: Yeah, there's a few, but, you know, I don't think about it too much. There's probably some in the future. So what's up with you these days? I met some girl in Atlanta -- we didn't get along too well. Someone told me that she had done something with you, toured with you--

LISA: Oh yeah, Debbey Puff.

GG: --so I kept motioning for her to come over. She came over, I said something to her, asked her about you, she got really pissed. She said, "Well I'm a professional now. I'm doing real music now." I don't know what the fuck she was talking about.

LISA: I'm not really sure what "professional, real music" is.

GG: (laughs) I don't either.

LISA: What are you going to do when you get out?

GG: I gotta go down to Florida -- I got some fucking charges down there I gotta go in front of and bullshit.

LISA: Do you have a good lawyer?

GG: Oh man, I get all public defenders. I get all these idiots and shit to defend me. The guy I had in Milwaukee was actually pretty good for free -- he was pretty much into the case. But the guy I have here...I don't know -- I'm thinking about going in and defending myself. When I go back on my appeal, man, I got a lot to say.

LISA: How do the other prisoners treat you?

GG: They don't give me no shit.

LISA: Do they know who you are?

GG: Pretty much. Everybody saw Geraldo [Rivera]. That was a big thing.

LISA: Were they all excited for you?

GG: Yeah, everybody got in the t.v. room; about 300 people. I figure three months and I'm outta here.

LISA: Do you have a girlfriend waiting for you?

GG: Oh, fuck, no -- I can't get involved with that shit. It takes up too much of my time.

LISA: What would you rather spend your time doing?

GG: Jerking off.

LISA: (laughs)

GG: Well, you know, you don't have to put any time into it. You get it off.... I don't want to have to devote anything to anybody. It just seems like such a hassle and I don't need it. I just like to put everything back into myself. Women just want too much...too much time and too much this and that.... I ain't got time for anything or anybody.

LISA: Maybe you haven't found the right woman. Whatever happened to my friend there...the blonde? You drank her piss...

GG: Oh...Amy?

LISA: No...blonde, big tits, dancer...

GG: I don't know...

LISA: You cut her with a knife and Lenny broke it up--

GG: Oh! Oh, okay -- Sandra.

LISA: Yeah, Sandra.

GG: I don't know. She disappeared off the face of the earth. That whole crowd did.

LISA: I know. I came back from Europe and they were gone. What do you do in prison for entertainment?

GG: Nothing. Pace. Beat my head against the wall. Jerk off.

LISA: You don't play chess?

GG: Fuck no. I don't do any of that game shit.

LISA: You been in solitary confinement?

GG: Mm-hm. I did a lot of that shit. Actually I enjoyed that. I like being by myself.

LISA: Your voice sounds really gravelly.

GG: Yeah, I'm just fucking shot. I've been smoking two packs of fucking cigarettes every five minutes. That's all there is to do. They took away my Jim Beam; now all I've got is my cigarettes.

LISA: Do you know what your I.Q. is?

GG: I have no idea. I went through quarantine and take these tests for like three days, all these questions.... All these fucked-up things, man, like "Have you ever played 'Drop The Hanky'? Yes or no?" I don't even know what the fuck it means. Maybe I did, I don't know. I think the psychiatrist needs a psychiatrist. I think I'll become one when I get out. It's fun to go talk to them though 'cause they're so stupid. They just don't get it, what I'm into.

LISA: Do you get in fights there?

GG: Occasionally. It's overcrowded, you know -- you got people fucking breathing down your neck. Some days you're just not in a good mood. You sit in the cage all day and then they let you out and you just don't feel like talking to anybody sometimes.

LISA: I heard about a show you did last year when you were out -- something about the crowd going into the street?

GG: I'm naked, chasing people down the sidewalk, I threw a bar stool at a car, next thing I know the cops are everywhere. Me and Dino both got arrested that night. And then when I got arrested in Florida, I got maced. I'm choking, they put the handcuffs on me, put me in an ambulance, took me to the hospital, took x-rays -- I'd broke my hand, my head was all fucked up and shit, and then they took me to jail and booked me and, "Oh yeah, by the way -- Michigan's gonna come and get you."

LISA: How are your innards?

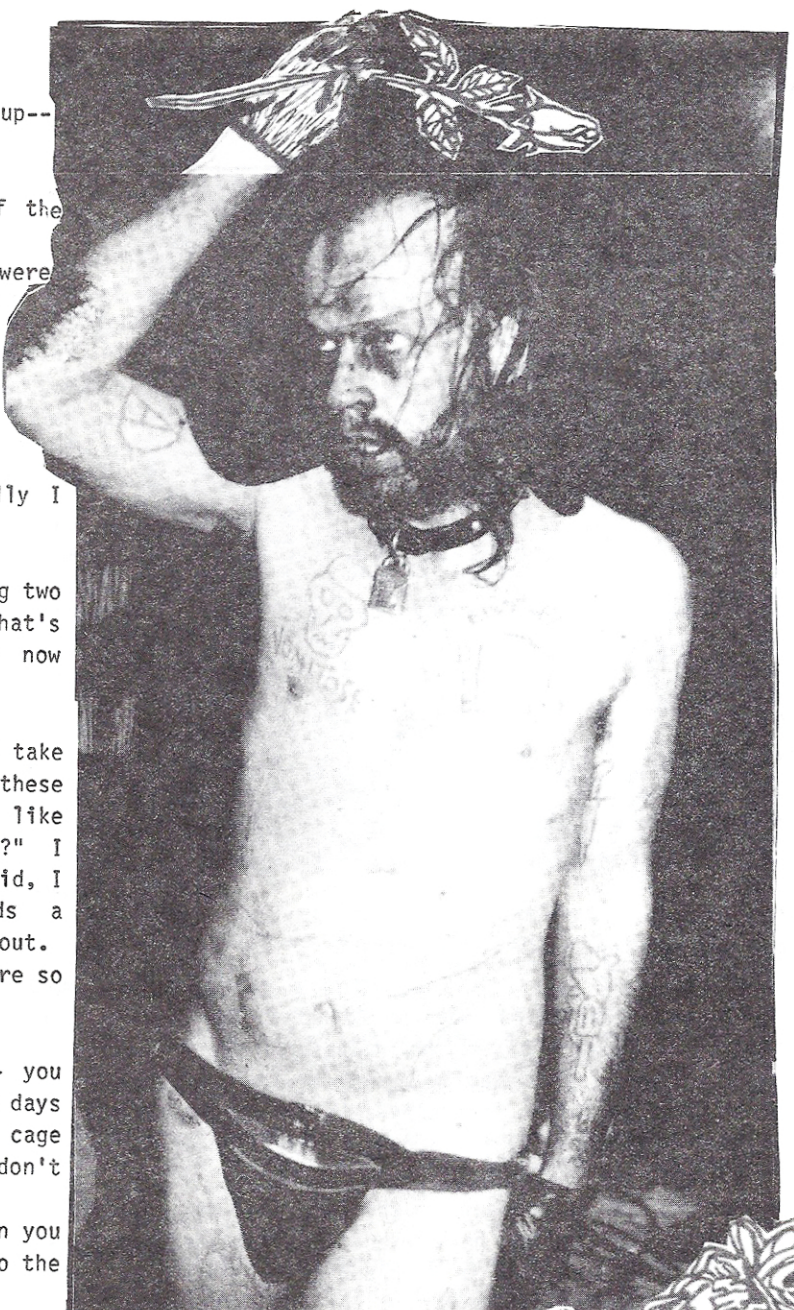
GG: My what?

LISA: Your innards. Your liver, your spleen...

GG: Not too good. I broke my ribs in '89, I broke my elbow, I broke my hand, I broke a bone in my knee, I broke my collarbone.

LISA: What's your favorite book?

GG: Oh, forget it! My favorite book? -- GG Allin.



GG wants me to mention that this interview was conducted over a prison phone that was monitored.

PHOTO:
MIKE WALDHART

"Scrupulous sycophant." That's what Vicky Wheeler called him. Besides bringing out the alliterativeness in feisty blondes, Brian has lots of other talents -- like publishing inclusive accounts of his sordid affairs, and those of anyone else he knows. I read Brian's magazines in the same manner I once watched a garden snake swallowing a frog. "Everyone is really responsible to all men for all men and for everything." That's what Dostoevsky said. But it's easy to forget that seeing evil means taking part in it. Brian's magazines are his bile ducts. He's made a career out of making fun of a rival's weight and myopia. This rival also happens to be a very sensitive, private, and generous person -- and oh, incidentally, he's pretty famous, too. Then Brian hurt and embarrassed Robert Nedelkoff by printing the gruesome situation of Robert's mother's suicide. Reading that, I felt shocked and offended for the first time in a long, long time. But when Brian called my beloved Matt Jasper "pedantic" -- well, I knew then that I had to interview the caddish phenomenon known to hundreds of scenesters as

Brian Berger.

Due to my wish to not add to the annoyance Brian has caused in some people's lives, I didn't ask the questions I know my readers would really like to know. I guess that means Brian's a better journalist than I. Oh well -- what the heck, this is the True Love issue anyway, so it makes sense that I asked Brian about his mother and prostitutes instead.

LISA: I am going to ask you a question, and I have my little clock here, and I'm going to give you $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to answer, then you get cut off. And I'm not going to say anything if there's silence, so it's up to you. Okay?

BRIAN: Okay.

LISA: What was your mom like?

BRIAN: She is 48 years old. My maternal grandparents were in a concentration camp in Poland. My mother was born in Hungary after the release of the Jewish prisoners there. The family moved to America when she was just an infant, and they settled in Memphis, Tennessee. My maternal grandmother I never knew that well because she had mental problems based on her memories of her internment in the camp. My maternal grandfather, Max Kaplan, he worked in a junkyard for 25 years, made like \$25 a week and saved like \$24. That type of thrifty, ambitious for his offspring, Eastern European. My father, who was serving in the Naval Reserves, was going to temple to keep up with his Jewish prayer, and met my mother there, and they hit it off. My mom had me in 1969. One of the more interesting things I did as an infant was get into a big thing of Johnson's baby powder and just splash it all over my fucking crib and room. My parents came in 'cause I was making a commotion, and apparently they couldn't imagine that I was still alive, 'cause it was just like a fucking blizzard.

LISA: Ever slept with a prostitute?

BRIAN: I've never slept with a whore but a lot of my friends from New York have gotten blowjobs from whores. You go down around West Side in the summer and it's like a monster movie -- you drive around for blocks and blocks, there's hundreds of prostitutes out on the streets, and when you're idling at a stoplight they all come over and reach their hands in the car, offer a quickie for ten dollars, and I know plenty of guys who have succumbed.

LISA: Excuse me for cutting into your $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, but

that must be a real quickie -- just while the light's red.

BRIAN: Oh well, yeah, they just hop in the car. And you know, you go park on a side street and I hop out and they do their thing. It's sort of a suburban New Jersey adventure kind of thing to do.

LISA: Are you familiar with Edvard Munch?

BRIAN: Totally unfamiliar.

LISA: I read this years ago, so I might not tell it totally accurately. Munch did all these paintings called "Jealousy". He was in love with this woman, I believe she had a husband or something, and they sort of had an affair--

BRIAN: Yeah, so what are you saying?

LISA: No, no! I'm not going to ask you about her! So anyway, Munch shot his hand. You know, he was a painter, a great painter, and this was his hand. And he shot his hand in front of her to, I don't know, try to elicit some response. And she just watched it. She didn't call the ambulance for about an hour.

This is a true story. Finally, they took him to the hospital. And he refused anesthetic because he wanted to be able to paint it, the operation. So, my question is: how close do you think passion is to insanity, how connected?

BRIAN: I was once like, "Man, how can anyone be so stupid as to consider suicide? There's so many fucking things to live for! You know, I live in fear of death every fucking day. There's a million things I wanna do. How can anyone...?" Subsequent to that, I did understand how someone could say, "I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead." You know, I said that a million times. So far as shooting his hand to impress the woman -- myself, I guess I would cut off my hand so I couldn't write. Although, in print, you want to have it be this perfectly structured thing that's gonna be a masterpiece, but then in person you just get so fucking nervous and hyper you just sound like an idiot, so

um, maybe I would cut out my tongue and cut off my hand. And then just...put on side one of Died Pretty "Lost" album and do an interpretive dance, and hopefully she would see that I felt we were the best thing that could ever happen to each other and that we would try to overcome whatever problems there were between us.

LISA: Do you think any girl would go out with you if she's read any of your magazines from the last two years, since you exposed your last relationship so graphically?

BRIAN: Oh, absolutely. I think I'm quite a desirable man. Yes. Anyone who's ever read any of my magazines or Rollerderby #4, if they weren't repulsed by my physical appearance, I think they would be intrigued enough to want to go out with me. I don't think that I've come off as an ogre. People have said to me, "Man, I hope no woman is ever so mad at me that she does to me what Vicky did to you [in Rollerderby #4]." And I'm like, well, look, Vicky and I had this terrible break-up and--

LISA: I'm sorry, but I can't... I don't want to be a fuddy-duddy, but Vicky is my friend, and I don't think she would want to be talked about like this. Here's my next question: would you do it all over again?

BRIAN: Um...there have been some assertions that I have done what I've done only because...certain people...involved in the situation...are better known than others. And that's just, you know, fucking bullshit. I haven't been in any other situations where I felt impassioned enough to record all those details in the way I did. I had girlfriends in the past, and since then, which have just sort of, you know, passed through, without much impact. I somewhat regret what I did. However, I think I've learned a lot from it. [What I wrote in Strange Affair, etc.] caused me a little more grief, it probably caused other people a little more grief, uh...but I think ultimately I gained a little more than I lost in those exchanges.

LISA: Bing! Okay, I'm gonna go, but I have one bonus question for you: did you deliberately push me at that Sebadoh show in New York last year? Did you recognize me?

BRIAN: I remember somebody babbling about Lisa Carver and Bill Callahan being on the guest list. I was by myself, but no -- I would not have recognized Lisa Carver at that time. I can state exactly where I was standing -- I was three people back in the middle in the front of the stage, so I had a good view--

LISA: I know you had a good view, Brian, because you pushed me out of the way!

BRIAN: Maybe I was accidentally on purpose falling into you because I was trying to scam on you.

LISA: May I remind you of something you said in Crush? "(Fanzine editors) having a 'thing' for Lisa 'Suckdog' Carver is about as lame as being into John Wayne Gacy's painting career...." You also called me a self-conscious sensationalist who had nothing to say, so you probably would not have been trying to scam on me, Brian.

Photo of Brian and Amelia by Craig Koon



Dear Lisa,

I think I should be attractive to women who have both read me and read about me, physically if nothing else. I'm fairly handsome in a twinkly jock/ wayward prep sort of way and in the summer the sun bleaches my hair out real blonde and I'm well built, lean and muscular. On the other hand, I think my personality scares away at least as many and probably more girls than it attracts. I'm a genius, but nobody understands me; I'm concerned and nobody cares; I'm full of love and single women couldn't care less.

I work so hard and fail so miserably and it'd be really terrible if only I didn't have fatalistic flash thoughts that I don't really deserve any better than that either.

- a letter from Brian

BRIAN: It could have been kind of a love/hate thing. Maybe I was trying to rationalize my overwhelming love for you that I knew would be unrequited, unfulfilled, no matter what situations brought us together. I just couldn't bear with that fact of ultimate love lost and I had to make up all these auxiliary reasons to deny my love for you. But then in a fit of exhaustion, 'cause I'd been walking around the streets of Manhattan since 2 o'clock that afternoon, my repressed reptilian urges burst out. I just grasped for you, and...you know, fate handled the rest. We know how the story ends. I went home that night and just dreamt of Lisa. And then, this is weird: I have this recurring dream of falling from a cloud. You know, I was chasing you through heaven--

LISA: Oh really, Brian?

BRIAN: Yes, but you had wings on because you were a good person, and I didn't because I was evil. I wasn't evil; God was deciding about whether to send me to purgatory or not. But then saw you in heaven and I was chasing after you, but you were flying away on your angel wings and um, just at the moment of

decision -- God was scratching his beard...God is a black man, by the way. He resembles Redd Foxx, as a matter of fact.

LISA: In personality as well as appearance?

BRIAN: He is pretty quick-witted, just as Redd was. Um, he was scratching his beard contemplatively and getting ready to announce an obviously majestic, imperial decision, and all of a sudden I just fall through like a manhole in the clouds.... And that was it, and then I forgot all about this whole thing until...until a few weeks ago, and then it rekindled.

LISA: Ah.

BRIAN: It rekindled my memories of what could have been our affair.

LISA: Are you often so suave, or just when speaking with magazine editors with a tape rolling?

BRIAN: Some people consider me suave; others consider me a freak. This one girl at the record store: I would sort of just grill her; What was the last book you read? What's your favorite Sonic Youth record? Do you exercise a lot? She said she rollerblades, so I said do you have bruises on your hips? so she goes oh that's really personal, how can you ask me that? So then I go were you raised Protestant? And she goes yeah. I go yeah, I can tell. Which is sort of a wise-ass, annoying thing to do.

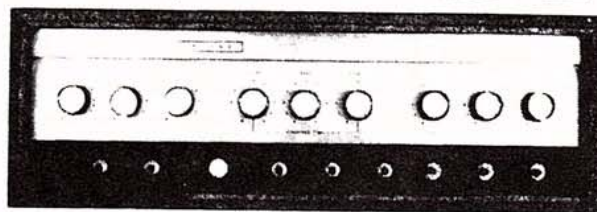
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INTRODUCTION TO SHEILA by Matt Jasper

My Sicilian dream lover Sheila read something I had published and decided I was the one for her. Every sign from the heavens indicated that she and I were destined to be together. I went over to her dormitory at her invitation.

She was getting a degree in English literature as I was flunking out of college. She was a very energetic and large woman who had problems with her thyroid glands. To make matters worse, I would not marry her. When she confided in me that she feared she was losing her mind, I told her to go ahead and lose it. That way she would at least no longer fear losing it.

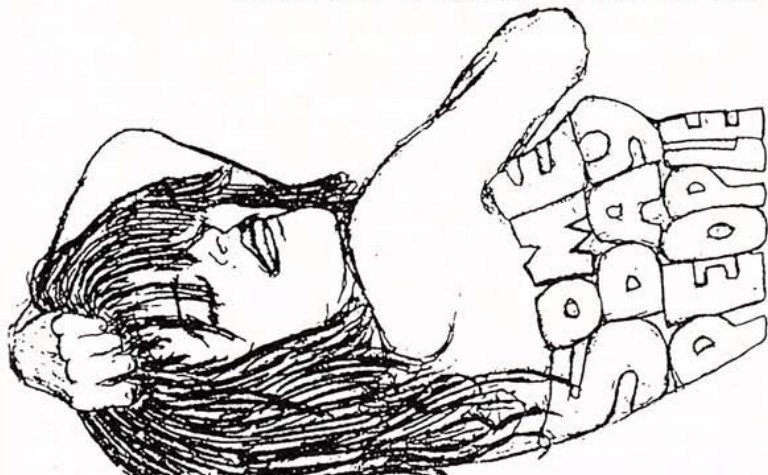
This wasn't the greatest advice, but she followed it. Soon, she told me, an archangel broke into her room and spat on her bed. And whenever she went into a department store, long lines of men would form behind her and chew their gum loudly.

Once I knew she wanted to kill me (she told me), I would, on my evening walks, think that an assassin waiting for me behind one of these trees would be lovely. But I would only think that for a little while.

Our relationship remained platonic. In an attempt to change this, Sheila bought a Camaro and said it could be mine if I would marry her. She said she had a job lined up for me at a theatre in Boston and we could live in her mother's house. I was to go with her immediately before my girlfriend destroyed me.

I was almost attracted by how interesting she was but I hated Camaros. I could not quite say no to her as strongly as I should have. I often expected to be disowned by everyone so after all, maybe she would end up being the only one who would take me in. Maybe my girlfriend was trying to destroy me....

After her friends had her committed for throwing all her belongings out of the window while yelling she would kill me, I decided I better cool things off a bit between us. I also like her less now. Her craziness has turned into a sort of new age psychosis and she only talks about beautiful things and self-actualizing and I feel distant from her.

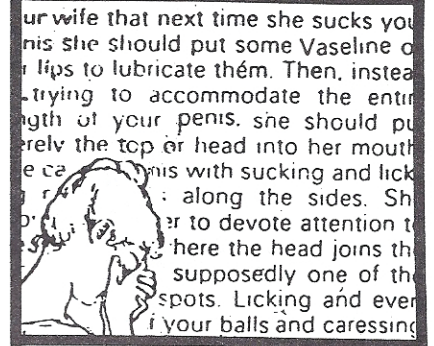


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WE ARE ALL MURDERERS

by Sheila

as told to Matt Jasper



There were all of these people in my bedroom, okay? Not real people; imaginary people. There were people in my bedroom so I made the mistake of sharing this fact with Cheryl, who is a travel agent. Then I was in tears and she said (I can't remember telling her) that I told her I wanted to kill you [Matt]. And I said I'm going to kill him, I want to kill him. And she and her mother took me to Saint Elizabeth's in Brighton and I was really annoyed because they couldn't understand anything I was saying. I couldn't even sit in a little room because their presence annoyed me.

So basically, Cheryl Meyersen--she's known me for eight years and she thinks I'm going to kill someone. That's how well she knows me but she won't go down cellar by herself. She says she is afraid of ghosts. And her husband is an alcoholic!

What I should probably do is quit my job and become an actress. Oh, I did acting for a number of years, you know. I was appealing to the masses then. I was appealing to the crowds. I played Amelia Earhart, Dorothy in Oz. Today I go to the Emerald Square Mall and buy ruby red slippers. Well, I'm getting ready to sing in subways.

I was putting all the songs in manila folders and I did all Christmas stuff. I only want to sing Christmas stuff.

So anyway, I got a new guitar case. Let me tell you about this place I went into. On this side there are guns--all guns, ammunition, A-K 47's, whatever the heck, everything. On this side are guitars--all guitar stuff.

I've been bombarded by young men looking for all kinds of things. I'm very much invaded. People in the north end love me.

They know me because they know my father. All the big mobsters in the north end know my father. You know how I know? They offer me their hand. In the north end I lose my wallet and they return it to me before I even notice it's gone. It's because of my father: Joey Gianino. He was the only one who would let me sing whenever I wanted. He was a mass murderer. I think he was the Boston strangler.

I killed my father in that I did not forgive him for wanting me. I'm a Cancer and my father died of cancer. We are all murderers but on different levels and not aware of it. I've been killing people and giving birth invisibly. My father trained me to be his opposite which is why I attract mass murderers. The level of redemption depends on the purity of the woman

you love.

Jim is a necrophiliac. Yes, Jim is real, I'm positive, unless he's using a pseudonym. You think I made him up? I have 106 poems from him that he wrote to me personally. And he does paintings for me--a lot of them. He did a nude painting of me the first time I met him--a Van Gogh. He asked me how I wanted to be penetrated. He said he wanted to colonize me.

Jim is a picture framer. That's the code for what he does. He's learning how to play the violin. He's a necrophiliac because he does not want people to see his genitals when they are alive. Everyone assumes that the victims are raped first, then killed. But no, they are killed first and raped later. Jim committed himself right before he thought he was going to get caught so that he could plead insanity. While reading Hamlet for the first time he was committed to the Dodge building.

The first night I was in the institution, this one mental patient asked me if I was a nurse there. I had everyone ask me if I was a nurse or a doctor. And the doctor who had me committed after she knew me for two days went through more guilt at having me committed. I mean she was mortified. They knew it was all wrong immediately but they had to keep me for money reasons and also like if you bring someone into a mental institution who is not mentally ill you can get huge lawsuits and malpractice suits so then you have to be mentally ill for their records even if they are wrong.

And this woman was terrified of me. Both shrinks that I saw, they were terrified of me. I mean terrified, okay? The second guy--I mean this guy was shaking in his boots, shaking in his boots because he knew I would sit there and go on and on about his problems and talk about them as if they were mine. He was just dying. He was from the midwest and he was so conservative but he had a crush on me. So did the first doctor. She was a woman.

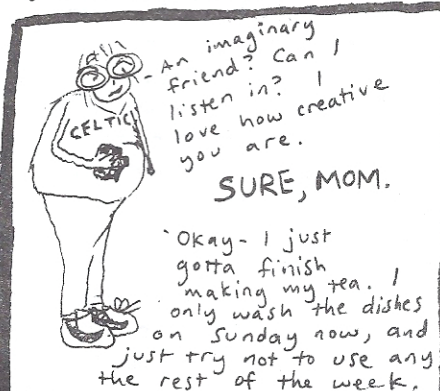
That was like a big problem too. Like, the crushes had a lot to do with the whole thing too. Like, why they needed to commit me. The second guy was married so he couldn't be attracted to his patients, and the other woman--she was a woman so she couldn't be attracted to a female patient but she got married right after we started therapy. Right away! Went to Mexico and got married. That's what I would do if I had feelings like that for a patient. Think about it. Just get married right away.



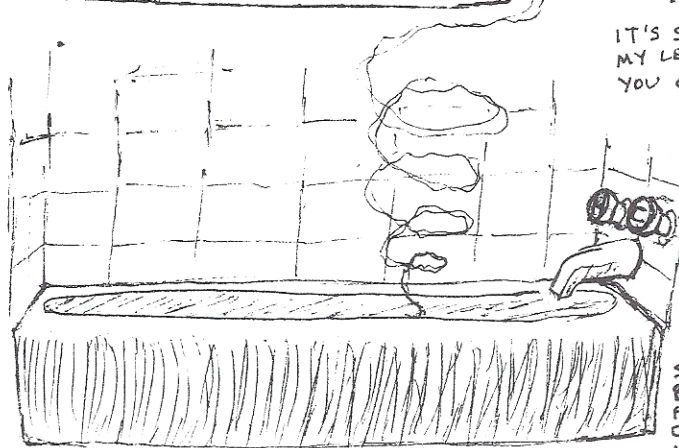
Hold me, Kiss

MY IMAGINARY FRIEND, MR. KISS EXPRESS

This drawing is by Bill Callahan. The rest are by Mrs. Kiss Express. (I wish!!!)



THE SCENE OF THE CRIME



Looks innocent enough... it's a bathtub, right? ...but what is that thing like smoke? Looks like a feather boa with a mind of its own, heh heh,

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE RISING FROM BETWEEN MY LEGS - I'M SUNK DOWN IN THE TUB WHERE YOU CAN'T SEE ME. IT'S THE ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF MY JOY AT HAVING MERGED, FOR ONE TIMELESS SECOND, MY HUMAN BEING WITH A NON-HUMAN, ABOVE-HUMAN ENTITY: KISS EXPRESS, WHO HURTTLES DOWN THE TUB NOZZLE A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR, AND I SQUIRM RIGHT UP THERE, AND I IMAGINE HE'LL RIP MY CERVIX OUT.

I told you about the time I did it with an Oscar Meyer wiener when I was eighteen, right? I was blushing so bad when I bought the package - I was sure they knew what for!

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M REALLY SWEET AND EMOTIONAL, BUT THEN I WONDER IF NONE OF IT'S REAL; IF THE HOT FEELING IS MERELY THE HOT TINGLES CAUSED BY EXTREME COLD; AM I ACTUALLY UTTERLY EMOTIONLESS AND MANIPULATIVE - A MONSTER?

You get that from your father.

I READ THIS THING THE OTHER DAY THAT FOUCAULT WROTE - IT COULD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY MY OWN HEART: IN SUICIDE THERE WOULD BE ONE MOMENT, "ONE THAT WOULD NO LONGER KNOW THE WEIGHT OF LIVING BUT ONLY THAT TRANSPARENCY WHERE LOVE IS TOTALIZED IN THE ETERNITY OF AN INSTANT." I COULD NEVER FIGURE OUT WHY I WANTED TO DIE SO MUCH, AND WHY I KEPT ON TRYING IT (THE BIG "S"), WHEN I LOVED LIVING SO MUCH. BUT NOW I KNOW - IT'S BECAUSE DYING IS LIVING TOO. REALLY LIVING! WHEN ONE IS DYING, ONE IS NOT DEAD. I DON'T WISH TO BE DEAD - I JUST WANT TO BE DYING. BOY, WILL I ATTAIN BEING THEN! OK, SO I'VE FIGURED THAT OUT. NOW IF I COULD JUST GET MY LOVE LIFE DOWN....

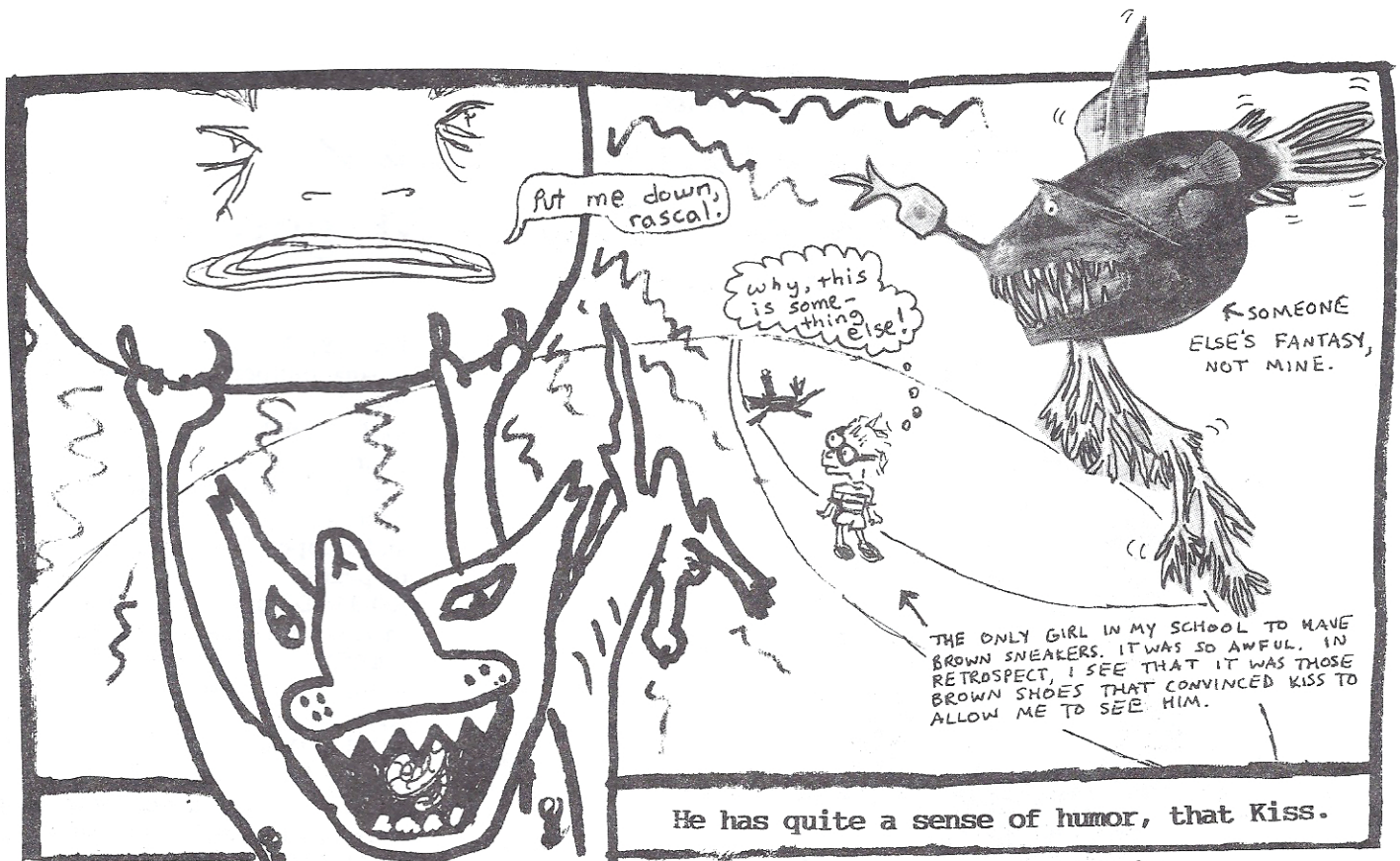
I'm so glad you're in college now. I know you can apply your brains to something more fulfilling than your photocopied newspaper -

IT'S OFFSET PRINTING, MOM.

- and I know you'll meet peers there who are more positive, less morbid. Good luck with your comic. I'm going to go fold my clothes now. I love you, honey.



LOVE YOU
TOO,
MOM.



WHEN I FIRST MET KISS, HE HAD TAKEN THE FORM OF A DOG. HE WAS USING A BIGGER DOG AS A TRAMPOLINE. EACH TIME KISS WOULD LAND ON THE DOG, THE DOG WOULD TRY TO SHAKE HIM OFF (THE DOG WAS VERY STRONG). THAT'S WHERE KISS GOT HIS VELOCITY TO GO HIGHER AND HIGHER. AND BECAUSE HE WAS GOING HIGHER AND HIGHER, HE WAS LANDING ON THE DOG HARDER AND HARDER. THE POOR, BEWILDERED BEAST - THE HARDER HE TRIED TO SHAKE KISS OFF, THE WORSE HE MADE IT FOR HIMSELF.

LATER...

I can't wait to start having sex.



Dear Diary,
A bumblebee said to me,
"Eat me," so I did.
To the bumblebee I whispered,
"Eating me," but it was dead.

← 13 years old,
79 pounds,
never been kissed,
and into S+M.

TODAY...

THE TAMING OF KISS EXPRESS

My dog's swollen, with...
my dog's shaking and...
seeing things.
My dog's dressed up...
in gowns and rings.
Soon now he'll wear...
white angel wings.

Good boy, Kiss.



WISHFUL THINKING. I WILL NEVER TAME KISS. FOR KISS IS DEATH, KISS IS TIME, KISS IS VIOLENCE. KISS IS UNCONTROLLABLE AND INESCAPABLE. KISS IS HEAVIER THAN GRAVITY, AND I FEEL MYSELF SPINNING DOWN INTO THE VORTEX OF KISS EXPRESS.

WHEN I FEEL HOT-COLD AND NONHUMAN AND I HAVE THIS TERRIBLE LONGING FOR VIOLENCE THAT I FEEL SO GUILTY ABOUT, I COMFORT MYSELF BY BELIEVING THAT KISS LOVES ME BEST THAT WAY. BUT THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS THAT EVEN IF I, UNLIKE THAT BIG DOG I SAW, DON'T TRY TO SHAKE KISS OFF, EVEN IF I WELCOME HIM INTO MY ARMS, HE'S GOING TO COME DOWN JUST AS HARD ON ME AS HE DOES ON EVERYONE ELSE. IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE KISS KILLS ME. IN THE MEANTIME, HE'S AWFULLY HOT IN THE SACK.



Mutual of Idaho
presents

The Majestic Hummingbird
An Interview with Darcy Megan S.
by Seymour Glass



...LA LA LOO HERE COMES A PINK CLOUD FOR YOU...

DARCY: Do you want to see the iguana puppet I made for my roommate?

ROLLERDERBY: No, let's talk about your family.

DARCY: It's an iguana puppet because my roommate likes iguanas and puppets. His teeth are made out of pearls.

ROLLERDERBY: Didn't you visit them in Idaho this past Christmas?

DARCY: I don't want to talk about them. Have I ever told you the train tracks story?

ROLLERDERBY: It's not *The Little Engine That Could*, is it?

DARCY: It was a near-death experience. It happened when I was 17.

ROLLERDERBY: And?

DARCY: Maybe I was 16. Was I 17? I think it was 16. My friends and I used to go to the train tracks' overpass that went over the Snake River. We used to go down to the river, stand on the beach, and get drunk.

ROLLERDERBY: Name your poison.

DARCY: Mad Dog.

ROLLERDERBY: Near-death is an understatement.

DARCY: Bottle after bottle with no hangover. I had a rubber chicken named Louie that I used to take everywhere. My friends used to drink out of him and run him over in their cars.

ROLLERDERBY: They'd drink out of him?

DARCY: He didn't have a head.

ROLLERDERBY: Where'd you get him?

DARCY: The lesbian who was in love with me gave him to me. She wrote, "This can be your only other lover" on Louie's butt with a marker. Now she's got a baby.

One thing we did a lot of times was stand on the bridge and wait for a train to come. The train would go by quickly three inches from our faces, this big, metal, moving, big, gigantic, moving thing, rushing by our faces at full force, while underneath, the rickety bridge shook back and forth like an earthquake. It was really thrilling. One day we took a mannequin... no,

I think it was an Inflate-A-Mate. I don't remember. Whatever it was, we put it on the tracks and waited three inches away just like usual. But the train slowed down and stopped. We were like, "Oh my God!" We heard the conductor get off and yell, "You goddamn kids! I'm calling the cops! Blah, blah, blah!" We ran down the tracks and he was chasing us with a flashlight.

ROLLERDERBY: This was at night?

DARCY: Yeah, probably 1 A.M. I knew I had to get out of there pretty quick because the cops knew who we were and would take away our cars and everybody'd get in trouble. Some people ran underneath the train to get to the other side, but I was indecisive. I didn't know if I should try to run around the end of the train to get to my car or not. Everybody was yelling to hurry up, hurry up. I was afraid. I was on the tracks underneath the train when it started to go. The wheels were moving faster and faster. I thought I'd get decapitated or lose one of my legs. I jumped through quick and the train ripped my pants. I was okay but I was hyperventilating.

ROLLERDERBY: Why didn't you just lie still until the train left?

DARCY: Because the big chains that hang off the bottom to connect the cars together would have konked me. I've never been so frightened in my life.

ROLLERDERBY: Are you ready to tell about your family?

DARCY: No. I got another stupid *Meat Cake* letter today.

ROLLERDERBY: From whom?

DARCY: I tend to get mail from boys who may be well-intentioned but really are just jerks. They send me dumb comic books that suck and expect me to send them a copy of mine.

ROLLERDERBY: Why are they jerks?

DARCY: They're patronizing and insulting. The things they say I know they wouldn't say if I wasn't a girl. I'd rather not get letters than get letters like that.

ROLLERDERBY: What did it say?

DARCY: This one guy said I was really sexy. He's talking about my drawings. I could weigh 300 pounds, be four-foot-nine and have a lisp, a drool problem and oozing sores all over my body and still draw like I do. The fact that someone's assuming that I look like what I draw is presumptuous. I don't even draw the characters to be sexy, necessarily. I

honestly don't think someone who has knives for tits, which many of my female characters do, is sexy. I've also received too many letters that compare me to Julie Doucette. I like Julie Doucette, but I'm tired of being compared to her. I don't think our comics are remotely similar. The only reason we get compared is because we both have twats. No one compares Peter Bagge and Daniel Clowes just because they're both guys, do they?

ROLLERDERBY: You mentioned that some of your fans send you their own comic books?

DARCY: They're mostly about fucking their ex-girlfriends and dumb stuff like that. Do I sound like a snob? I don't want to sound elitist and cooler than everybody else because I'm not.

ROLLERDERBY: Is there any style?

DARCY: Nothing.

ROLLERDERBY: Any potential?

DARCY: None.

ROLLERDERBY: Can you tell if they're using decent equipment?

DARCY: Bic pens, mostly. Maybe a felt tip once in a while.

ROLLERDERBY: Do you get letters from females?

DARCY: Yes, and all of them I like and appreciate. I'm glad when they write to me. They're never patronizing; they're sincere and brief. You know, "I like your stuff. Please send me a copy if you can." They don't go on for pages about stupid, pointless stuff under the assumption that I would care. They don't expect me to trade a comic book for a piece of shit.

ROLLERDERBY: Has anyone in your family seen *Meat Cake*?

DARCY: Seymour, if you don't stop asking about my family, you're gonna get a spankin'. Have you seen any of my movies?

ROLLERDERBY: No, ma'am.

DARCY: Then listen up. I'll be working a movie very soon, and I'm trying to figure out how to make a house set on fire look authentic. I'm thinking maybe I should give up and make it look obviously low-budget.

ROLLERDERBY: How many have you made?

DARCY: I made a short film when I was 18. I made it with my ex-boyfriend. It's color, no sound, regular 8mm.

ROLLERDERBY: What's it called?

DARCY: It's just about a cafe.

ROLLERDERBY: Is that really the title?

DARCY: I don't think it had a title. I don't know what it's called. I can't

remember. Maybe it was something like *The Cafe*. No, it had a better name. Maybe it was *Weck*.

ROLLERDERBY: *Weck*?

DARCY: This girl goes to a cafe and gets all this weird food, like cake made of dirt that's on fire. Then she peels an orange and there's a big liver in it. Then she looks in a medical book and sees that a womb exists in her body, and the waiter shows her that there's a womb in her body, so she decides to take it out. She reaches up herself and pulls out all this stuff. Then she dumps out a big bag full of 9,000 pennies for the tip and leaves.

ROLLERDERBY: What was the womb stuff made out of?

DARCY: Melon pulp colored with red oil paint. It was very poisonous.

ROLLERDERBY: Have you done any animation?

DARCY: I made an animated film for a song by a band I used to be in whose name I'm not going to mention.

ROLLERDERBY: What instrument did you play?

DARCY: Banjo. Singing sometimes. I'd also run around in the audience with a wicker chair. I loved my wicker chair a lot. I'd do somersaults in my wicker chair and hit people with my wicker chair. One day, the audience decided it stopped being amusing getting hit with my wicker chair so they picked me up while I was in my wicker chair and threw me at the bandleader, who didn't like having attention diverted from him. He took my wicker chair away from me, and I never got to use my wicker chair again. Anyway, one of their songs, "Burdensome Blood," I made an animated film for. It was 16mm color with sound.

I started another animated film, but I only made 240 frames, cell animation. I couldn't finish it but I still like the story so I made it into a comic that will be in *Meat Cake* #3. It's called "Fertilla, the Dancing Womb."

ROLLERDERBY: Any others?

DARCY: I got some porn footage of a lady giving a guy a blowjob. I scratched off his, you know, everything around the woman. I made it all these colors, and it looks like the woman's head is going up and down on nothing. I played xylophone and autoharp for the soundtrack.

ROLLERDERBY: How long is it?

DARCY: Just a minute-and-a-half.

ROLLERDERBY: What's it called?

DARCY: *My Porno Film.*

ROLLERDERBY: Can you talk about your family yet?

DARCY: What do you want to know?

ROLLERDERBY: Mostly about Christmas, but I'll settle for whatever pops into your head.

DARCY: When my brother Matt was two, he had a really big stomach. I taught him how to do belly rolls. When we were standing in line at Albertson's with my mother, he would tug on some man and say, "Hey, Mister! Wanna see my belly roll?"

ROLLERDERBY: He could speak that well at age two?

DARCY: He could talk well by about one-and-a-half. I taught him. He had a pretty good vocabulary. He'd stand up on the counter making his stomach go in and out really quickly. Now that he's older he can do really weird things. He can make it look like he's got ten snakes fighting in his stomach.

ROLLERDERBY: Can he swallow a key and a lock and then regurgitate the key in the lock and the lock opened?

DARCY: No, but he can burp on command.

ROLLERDERBY: I bet he's the only one in Idaho who can do that.

DARCY: I can't do it.

ROLLERDERBY: You taught him how to talk - why doesn't he teach you how to burp?

DARCY: I'm eight years older than him. He can't teach me anything.

ROLLERDERBY: Did you see him at Christmas?

DARCY: First I need to tell you about my other brother. Cy was a hyper-active child, completely crazy and obnoxious. He's got this retarded dog named China that everybody calls Vagina. He pounds on her stomach really hard and laughs really hard. She loves it because she's so dumb.

ROLLERDERBY: How do you know?

DARCY: She snorts. It's the worst thing I've seen in my life. She likes to lay on the ground with her belly flush against the floor and her legs pointing in opposite directions like a starfish.

ROLLERDERBY: I know the feeling.

DARCY: You should see her get up. She gets frantic and her nails scratch the linoleum, especially if you come tromping into the room like my brother Cy, "BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH." One of the first memories I have of him is when he was sitting in his cradle crying really, really loud. His face was bright purplish red from crying so loud. His penis was bright purplish red because he'd just been circumcised.

ROLLERDERBY: I'm glad I don't have brothers.

DARCY: I used to jump over him when he was laying on the ground like a little suckling. My mother'd say, "Don't jump over the baby!" I'd say, "But I'm playing with him." She'd say, "You can play with him when you're older." When I was older I didn't feel like jumping over

him.

ROLLERDERBY: What about Christmas?

DARCY: When I went to Idaho for Christmas, Cy acted like my Dad. It was weird. He ran around bellowing. He was like, "BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH," at the top of his lungs all the time. He was such a blowhard, tromping around the house, "BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH." He kept calling me Diarrhea Mouth. "Darcy's running off at the mouth all day long. BLAH BLAH BLAH. Can't get a word in edgewise. BLAH BLAH BLAH." Over the course of three days, I said about 30 words total.

ROLLERDERBY: Does your family ever get into food fights?

DARCY: Well, the plum pudding almost blew up in my Uncle Bob's face. He put brandy on it and lit it on fire. My mother said, "Darce? Go gitcher camera thatcha just gotfer Christmas and bring it downyer and take some pitchers of Uncle Bob lighten up the plum pudding," and it went FOOMP up in his face.

ROLLERDERBY: Did he have chunks of it on his clothes?

DARCY: No. But a two-foot flame shot up and singed his eyebrows.

ROLLERDERBY: Did you stop by Albertson's for old times' sake?

DARCY: Yes, I did stop by Albertson's, as a matter of fact. I picked up some Jello and some 99-cent Wet 'n' Wild lipstick, #508.

ROLLERDERBY: What's that?

DARCY: Bruise color.

ROLLERDERBY: Some things never change.

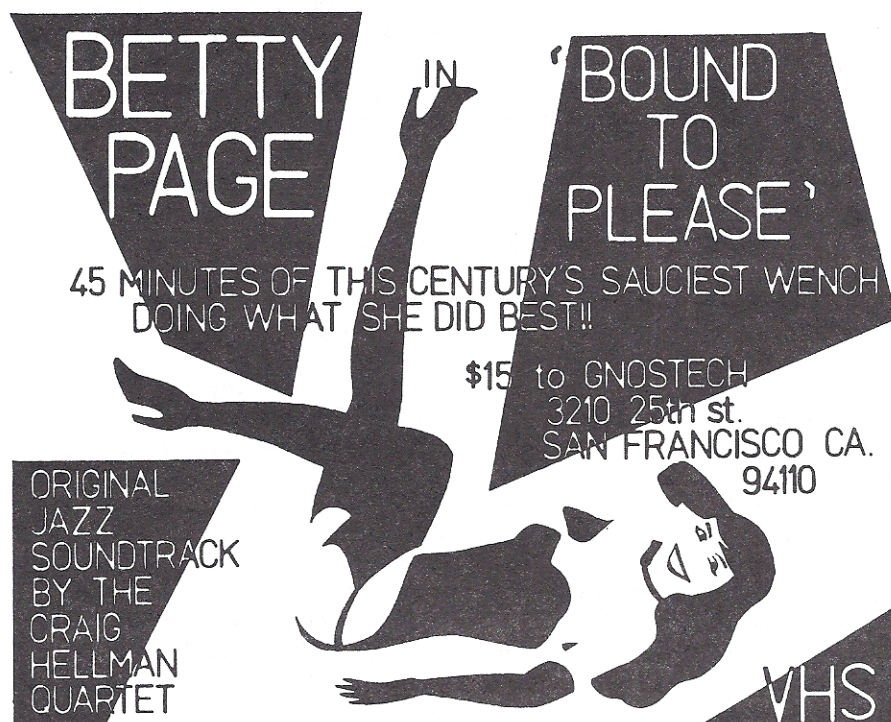
DARCY: There was a jagged piece of metal sticking straight up out of the ground near the door. It punctured me right through my shoe and two pairs of pink and black striped tights. It bled a lot and got yellow and pusy. It was really painful. The manager had on a gold polyester vest. His eyes were the same color. He looked at me and wrote down all this stuff about what happened to my foot. Hello, tetanus!

ROLLERDERBY: You were probably vaccinated for that a long time ago.

DARCY: Yeah, when I was 16. My mother was a health department nurse and she got promoted. She said if I got tetanus it would be embarrassing. The only reason I got a shot was so I wouldn't embarrass my mother. Now I'm going to tell you about my parents.

ROLLERDERBY: You are?

DARCY: My dad's side of the family is



related to John Wilkes Booth and The Addams Family.

ROLLERDERBY: I thought The Addams Family was fictional.

DARCY: Not *that* Addams family! The Adams family that had the second and fourth presidents of the USA.

ROLLERDERBY: I see. What did your parents get you for Christmas?

DARCY: Don't you even want to know how my parents met?

ROLLERDERBY: At a voting booth?

DARCY: They were both students at some college in Caldwell, Idaho. My mom threw a stick in the water and my dad got it out.

ROLLERDERBY: He should write a book about dating tips.

DARCY: My mother's mother didn't like him. She said, "If you marry that man, I will not give you any money for school, I will not give you any money to live on, I will not give you anything. Don't get married."

ROLLERDERBY: She probably didn't know which Adams family he came from.

DARCY: My dad was nothing like anyone my mom had ever encountered before. She was pregnant with me and didn't believe in

abortion, so she married him anyway. Made her own wedding dress out of blue velvet. She's a devout Catholic who does tarot cards.

ROLLERDERBY: That explains the business with the stick in the water.

DARCY: He played banjo and electric sitar at the time, maybe mandolin, too. He's really good at the banjo, five gold stars. So is his brother. When I was born, the nurse told him I was a boy. I wish she hadn't been lying.

ROLLERDERBY: There must have been a good reason.

DARCY: She was a hick. She couldn't tell. I don't know. I was born in Caldwell, Idaho, on June 19, 1971. I costed \$100 to be birthed. My dad was excited until he found out he didn't have a son. This iguana puppet smells like pee.

ROLLERDERBY: Maybe your roommate's been using it as a penis snood. What are your parents' names?

DARCY: I can't tell you.

ROLLERDERBY: They caught John Wilkes Booth a long time ago. C'mon.

DARCY: They'll get mad if I tell everyone's name.

ROLLERDERBY: Why?

DARCY: Because they're ashamed of me.

ROLLERDERBY: Because of *Meat Cake*?

DARCY: I gave a copy of the second issue to my friend Jared, one of the best friends I have, because I knew he'd like it. He lives in Idaho, works in a music store. My dad's a musician, so he knows all the people at the store. Jared had lent it to a friend, who returned it to him at the store in a sealed envelope with his name on it. She left it with the manager, who opened it even though it was obviously someone else's mail. He looked through and was shocked, naturally, because he's a stupid hick. That's why I don't give *Meat Cake* to just anyone and why I did give one to Jared. It's not my fault if some hick is shocked by something no one wanted him to see in the first place. All these guys at the music shop freaked out and called it satanic pornography. They told my dad, who called me and said, "Darce, you could wreck your grandmother's political career and jeopardize your mother's job. Everything could be all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

MERGE RECORDS PRESENTS

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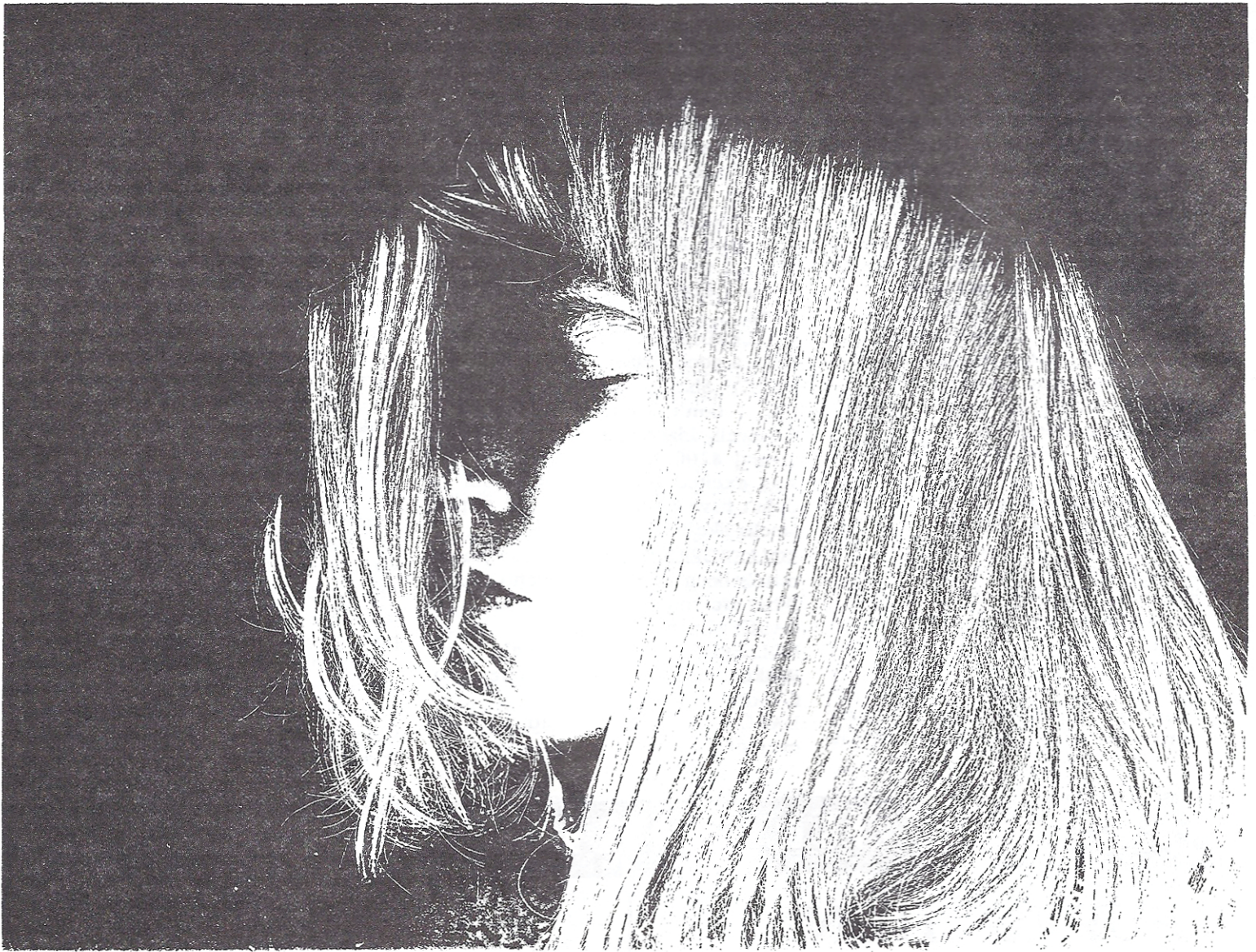
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DARCY

It's hard to believe that Dame Darcy burst into my life only two months ago. That first time she called, it took nine calls in a row to reach me. (She has a lot of perseverance.) The reason for my inability to pick up the phone the first eight times was that even though I lay only a few inches from the phone, my eyelashes were entangled in the carpet hairs.* But I was able to hear Darcy recording her messages on my answering machine -- she played me lovely, reposed banjo songs about dead women, singing with that peculiar mixture of earnestness and artifice found only in Idahoans transferred to San Francisco, who also chew Chicklets. Plus she spoke about her flopping ears and other erratic bits of information.

I don't know, dear reader, if you have ever weighed a thousand pounds, but if you have ever been in that state, and I bet you have, then you know that eight phone messages in a row about dead women and flopping ears is the only -- THE ONLY -- communication that will not cause the ten ton sufferer to vomit out 880 of those pounds while vowing to never look at another human face for the rest of her life.

In the end, I gave up on the idea of raising my head, and started laying plans for bringing the mountain to Mohammed. It was easier than I thought -- I just reached in the general direction of the ringing until I touched something; I grabbed the thing and plunged it into the roadkill that was holding down my neck. Then I sent out a grunt. I don't know what

Darcy thought of my grunt, but it must not have daunted her any, because my roommate informed me the next day that I had stayed on the phone for an hour, laughing my head off the whole time. Of course, he pointed out, there's always the possibility that Darcy had just hung up, and I had laughed for an hour at something else entirely. So I thought I better call her back, and record it.

The reason I'm telling you all this is to try to convince you that I am not a sneaky creep, and do not normally go about secretly recording my friends and then publishing the conversations. I recorded my second call with Darcy, the one you are eventually going to read, just because I wanted to make sure I'd remember what she said. Only later did the editor within speak up and say, "Print this!"

Shortly after those first calls, Darcy and I decided to move to Dogtown, California (really) and drink Magueritas and go on welfare. We're only going to do that for a year, though, because we think that life in Dogtown would lose its glamour after that.

Population of Dogtown: 30. Soon to be 32.

We're not sure about the welfare thing. We might find it morally offensive. We might live off our art instead. Darcy said a publishing company who is putting out a comic book of her's might give her \$3000. She said she could live off that. I made \$5000 last year between Suckdog and Roller derby, and I lived comfortably on that. D. said if we run out of money

So, I couldn't raise my head.

we'll take the train to San Francisco and make people take us out on dates. I think this is a very good idea. I'm very excited to live in Dogtown.

-LISA CRYSTAL C. 4/92

Ring! Ring!

DARCY: Hello?

LISA: Darcy? It's Lisa.

DARCY: I'm glad you called! I really wanted to tell you something when I called you Wednesday: I have a crush on you. I wanted to tell you that.

LISA: Oh!

DARCY'S ROOMMATE: (Smacking, slobbering noises)

DARCY: That's s'posed to be like a kissing noise. But it sounds like a colostomy bag.

LISA: My mother has a real colostomy bag.

DARCY: She does?

LISA: (enthusiastic) Yeah!

DARCY: I'm so sorry!

LISA: No, it's okay. Do you have a lot of stress in your life, Darcy?

DARCY: (scared) Why are you asking me this question?

LISA: Because stress eats up your innards, Darcy.

DARCY: Shit. Maybe I'll end up having a colostomy bag.

LISA: So just calm down right now, Darcy. Breathe.

DARCY: There's something else I wanted to tell you: I've been trying to scheme, thinking of ways I could get some money real quick so I can go to New Hampshire and take a vacation. I haven't taken one ever.

LISA: Me neither! The only vacations I have EVER had in my life were in fifth and sixth grade when we took a weekend vacation to a place that was 20 minutes away and we played skeeball! And we stayed in this horrible cabin with holes in the screen door and all the mosquitoes got in. My mother took me and my friend who was using me for the vacation. And she never talked to me in school after that.

DARCY: You know what, Lisa, I can completely relate. I had friends that would hang out with me 'cause my parents were more lax than their's. They would tell their parents they were spending the night at my house, then they'd come to my house, then they'd sneak out and leave me! They would sneak out and just leave me there! And if I tried to come with them, they'd go "Oh GAWD! Okaaay." And they'd take me with them and totally leave me out and not talk to me or anything.

LISA: Yup, I know. But you know, the thing is, Darcy -- there are two types of adolescents: there's the victim, and then there's the really mean, horrible, uncaring, horrible person that's going to grow up to be really boring.

DARCY: And there were ten of them to every one victim.

LISA: There were! And the straggling victims couldn't really stick together 'cause there was this big stigma on you if you had any friends that were victims too. It's like, you had this hope of reaching the horrible people, and so you would stomp all over the people that could possibly be your friend.

DARCY: It was like, Oh there's all the nerds sitting at one table.

LISA: I know, so I didn't want to sit with them, but the popular people wouldn't let me sit with them. And I couldn't hang out in the bathrooms 'cause I was terrified of the bathroom people.

DARCY: They do horrible things to you in there! They would spray hairspray in my eyes.

LISA: No, Darcy, did they do that to you?

DARCY: Yes, they did, and I had contact lenses too.

LISA: I got kicked in the sacrum a bunch of times. Like many times. I'm not talking two, three, four, six times -- I'm talking MANY times.

DARCY: Was it all at once?

LISA: No, various times through seventh and eighth grade, and even ninth grade.

DARCY: They would drag you into the bathroom and then kick you?

LISA: No, they'd do it right in the hallway in front of everybody, and like everybody would laugh. There was even this teacher that laughed one time.

DARCY: Why did they do that?

LISA: Well, because I was just wrong, you know? Like my pants were just the wrong length or the wrong width. I really tried to be right, but...

DARCY: I know, I'd try to get a perm, you know, and it didn't WORK, it wasn't right. And they'd spend a

This is me, Lisa. I hated this photo when it first came back from the drugstore because I look so friggin TRACTABLE in it. But now I like it 'cause I look like Darcy here (which is NOT to say that Darcy looks tractable!)

(Plus I kind of like it because you can see the whites of my eyes below the iris, and voodoo says that means I'm going to die soon, and you know me and Monsieur D!)



PHOTO: BILL CALLAHAN, JULY 1991

lot of money on getting Esprit clothes, but we didn't have any money, and my mom didn't like to go shopping, so I ended up wearing my older cousin's hand-me-downs and they were always so terrible, like white corduroy pants. But I didn't have anything else to wear, what was I s'posed to do?

LISA: I know. My mother understood, she tried to help, but she only had, you know, a hundred dollars to buy my clothes for the whole school year, so I'd have like two pairs of pants and two shirts, and that would be my wardrobe.

DARCY: Me too! People would go, Why do you wear the same thing every day?

LISA: I'll go find those people that did that to you, and I'll kick their butts, Darcy. I will! 'Cause I'm all strong and ready now that I've grown up.

DARCY: They're all pregnant right now, so they've created their own hell.

LISA: That is exactly the thing: whenever you hit your popularity, you stop right there.

DARCY: They're all still in Idaho.

LISA: Married to those horrible, mean boys. Those horrible, mean boys that wouldn't go out with me. I would have done anything...

DARCY: It was really sad. I used to just masturbate all the time.

LISA: Me too! Let me tell you about my very first boyfriend. The way that I got him was that this other guy who felt bad for me told this kid he'd beat him up if he wouldn't go out with me. [laughter] So he went out with me once. He tried to kiss me, but I opened my mouth as wide as I possibly could, 'cause I thought that's what a french kiss was. And that was it, that was the end.

DARCY: How old were you?

LISA: That was fourth grade. I didn't have another date 'til I was like fourteen.

DARCY: That's the way I was -- I was hated until I was fourteen, then I started hanging out with these punks a couple years older than me. They'd come pick me up when all the kids were getting on the bus. They'd have these 5-inch mohawks and be blaring D.R.I., they'd be like, Let's go! I'd be like, Oh wow! I'm so free!

LISA: Wow!

DARCY: Then like all these guys that were four or five years older than me were kissing me and trying to get me to have sex with them, like all at once, and that's when I started doing these weird orgy type things. Then when I was like sixteen they all graduated and left.

LISA: Then what happened?

DARCY: Well then I started doing a whole lot of drugs and I went out with this gross guy. Then when I was seventeen I stopped doing so much drugs, so many. That was a really bad year. That was the first year I tried to kill myself. I had two long-distance boyfriends and all of that, and then I graduated and then I moved to San Francisco and have my present ex-boyfriend.

LISA: I saw another picture of him in some magazine

today.

DARCY: Brandon?

LISA: Yes. And I felt just as irrationally malevolent towards him as I always have.

DARCY: You know what he told me to tell you? When I first heard of you, I was nineteen and you were 21, and I was like, oh God, she's really young, she's almost my age, and look how famous and beautiful she is! And I was really jealous.

LISA: Oh no!

DARCY: And I was like, how did she get that way? And Brandon was like, Darcy, I think you're probably a lot like her. You should just not be jealous, you should write her a letter. I bet you guys would get along really well. And so then I did, and now he's like, you should tell her that the next time you talk to her so that she'll think I'm smart and won't hate me. I'm like, why do you think she hates you?

LISA: That's weird, 'cause I've never said anything about him to anyone except for to you Wednesday.

DARCY: And I never mentioned that to him, honestly. He's really psychic. We've got this weird thing. Like, last month when I tried to kill myself for the second time, I went to the store, I bought these pills, I was gonna go to the beach and take them and cut my wrists...

LISA: Mm hm?

DARCY: I called Brandon to tell him that I was going to kill myself so that he could take care of all the arrangements...

LISA: Right.

DARCY: And it was his fault, you know. Anyway, so he came to my house and then I kicked him. I beat him up and I kicked him down the stairs.

LISA: (laughs)

DARCY: He got really mad and left. And then I thought, okay, this is it. So I got the pills and I'm riding on the bus heading out towards the beach and I thought, okay, I'm going to go to my P.O. box, and if I get a letter from a publisher, then I won't do it. If I don't get a letter, then I will. So I went in, and Brandon was in there, waiting. In the post office. His side of the story was, oh God, she's going to Safeway to get the pills, I should be walking the exact opposite way. But he said he was drawn to the post office, and he felt like he should wait around for something.

LISA: Wow.

DARCY: He's just real intuitive.

LISA: My stepmother is supposedly a witch, and my mother's nurse is supposedly a psychic, and they both say that I'm a witch.

DARCY: I'm sure you are.

LISA: Well, I had all these psychic happenings until I was thirteen -- I was predicting all these things, and seeing all these things, and they all came true. And then after that I stopped believing in it, and then I stopped having the power.

DARCY: That's exactly what happened to me. When I was eleven years old, I could call ghosts and I could see ghosts. And in a deck of 52 cards, I'd pick 40,

CANDY WITCH and MEAT ANGEL DOLLS



PRICES AND STYLES MAY VARY BECAUSE EACH LITTLE SERAPH IS LOVINGLY HANDCRAFTED BY ME. MADE WITH THE FINEST MENAGERIE OF TREASURES I HAVE PICKED UP OFF MY FLOOR. FOR EXAMPLE: SUPER SCULPYD! BUTTONS! THREAD! FELT! EMBROIDERY FLOSS! GLASS AND PLASTIC EYES! REAL AND FAKE HAIR! BELLS! GLITTER! REAL AND FAKE VEGETABLES! GLUE! WAX! ACRYLIC PAINT! GLOW IN THE DARK FIMO! AND ACRYLIC GLOSS MEDIUM. TO NAME JUST A FEW OF THE OBJECTS THAT MIGHT MAKE UP YOUR GLAMOROUS ANGEL! WRITE TO ME AT MEAT CAKE C/O NUF SED LOBSTER BALLET P.O. BOX 5910'S SAN FRANCISCO C.A. 94159 AND I WILL SEND YOU A PHOTO OR DRAWN PICTURE OF THE ANGELS AVAILABLE AT THE TIME. INCLUDING PRICES, SIZES AND MATERIALS THEY ARE MADE OF. CHECK THE ONES YOU WANT IN ORDER OF PREFERENCE, SEND THE ORDER FORM BACK TO ME INCLUDING CHECK OR MONEY ORDER MADE OUT TO DARCY MEGAN S. NOT MEAT CAKE NUF SED ETC. AND YOUR ANGEL WILL BE SENT VIA CLOUD NINE TO WHAT EVER ADDRESS YOU CHOOSE! YOU WILL BE THE ENVY OF EVERY BLOCK! AND WE DO SO LOVE TO MAKE EVERYONE ENVIDIOUS OF US DONT WE NOW? AND REMEMBER PUBLIC: NO MATTER HOW EVIL, ANGEL WINGS ARE ALWAYS INCLUDED.



JEWELRY

The same offer applies to jewelry as to the dolls in the jewelry is hand crafted under the most pleasantest of circumstances in sparkling accessories that will show the world how much class you have! Perfect for your perfect girlfriend or female impersonator. Its enough to make you scream with delight. Send for a catalog. Never send money before receiving a catalog. or else I'll be all screwed up. ~~whatever you do~~

BUY MY PRODUCTS!!!

"I'M ~~THE~~ A NICE GIRL TRYING TO MAKE AN HONEST LIE!!"

45 right.

LISA: Yeah, I could tell what the two dice were gonna be eight or nine times out of ten. It was so strange.

DARC: I know, exactly. Then when I went to Junior High, I had this one girl that was my friend or whatever, and she asked me what I did last summer, and I just said that I called ghosts and stuff. And after that I'd be at home and my phone would ring and I'd answer it and somebody would be making ghost noises at me. You know, teasing me.

LISA: Oh no.

DARC: And everyone just teased me and teased me. And then I think I lost it -- it stopped -- because of that.

LISA: The way I lost it was, when I was thirteen, my stepmother said, okay, now that you're thirteen you have to go through the test. And she was gonna tie my wrists and my ankles and throw me into the water, and I was supposed to be able to get out of it on my own. And I didn't want to do that -- I chickened out. And after that I lost all my powers. I blew it.

DARC: She was gonna throw you in the water? That is so weird.

LISA: She believed in it, you know?

DARC: Would she have just let you drown?

LISA: I don't know. I think she was sure that I wouldn't drown, 'cause she was sure I had the powers or whatever.

DARC: But you were too afraid.

LISA: Yeah! I was this thirteen year old, I wanted

to know about Esprit clothes!

DARC: I know -- if I had only known. And here I am now struggling to get it back...

LISA: What sign are you?

DARC: Gemini.

LISA: Ohhhh.

DARC: What are you?

LISA: I'm a Scorpio!

DARC: Ohhhh.

LISA: Gemini is a great sign. I wish I were a Gemini, actually. I would much rather have a double personality than be all seductive and secretive. I'm really not secretive, anyway! I'm quite confessional!

DARC: I've always longed for a twin, really. Always always always.

LISA: (sighs) Yeah. I'm going to be moving soon.

DARC: Oh, you are? Where?

LISA: I'm not really sure. But I'm going to be moving soon.

DARC: You just had this call that you needed to move?

LISA: Yeah, I did.

DARC: ME TOO! I didn't know where I was gonna move, though. That's why I wanted to visit you in New Hampshire -- maybe I want to move there. I was also thinking of Missoula, Montana. Maybe we should move to Missoula, Montana and live together. I want to move somewhere that isn't a city. Were you thinking a city or not?

LISA: Not. I don't know.

DARC: You know what you should do? You should come

stay here with me for a while and then, if you decided to stay in San Francisco, we could, or maybe we could move to Washington state. I've also been thinking of Boise, Idaho. There's lots of Victorian houses and pretty trees there...

LISA: Does it snow?

DARCY: It snows, yeah.

LISA: That's the fifth point of my five-point cure for depression, Darcy. 'Member the four points I told you?

DARCY: Mm hm.

LISA: Well the fifth point is you have to live in a place that has snow. Because that is how you can touch change. You don't have control, and you don't feel like you have to have control, 'cause the weather is taking care of everything. And the snow is falling. You feel some other force bigger than yourself. So you feel, okay, I can be depressed, or I can be quiet during this time. And then spring comes! It's like everything is shut down, and then it's starting up again. Living in San Francisco is like a continuous hibernation. It's eternal haze.

DARCY: That's the way it is for me. And on top of it, I'm always worried. That big earthquake happened the first month that I moved here. So that was my first experience of San Francisco -- that it could fall down any second. You're supposed to have a supply of canned food and stuff, but I don't have any money for canned food. I eat day to day. I make \$200 a month, which goes to rent, and then I don't have anything after that -- I eat at a soup kitchen or people buy me lunch or whatever.

Oh God, Lisa, I just did a spell last night. When I get sad, I make some jello in my special jello mold, and it's my spell for happiness. Because after it's DONE I just get SO EXCITED and HAPPYYYY! [laughter] My jello mold is of a luxurious pig with lumps on its back and no legs, and I love it so much! Then I'm going to take jello jigglers and cut little feet out of it and put them underneath the body. Oh God, that would be so luxurious.

LISA: (laughs)

DARCY: You know what I'm going to do? I just decided. I'm going to make that recipe, I'm going to take a picture of it, I'm going to put it on the back of my next comic book, full color! It'll say: The Lumpyback Red Jello Pig -- For Recipe See Inside. Then everyone can use my happiness spell.

LISA: How do you know it's a pig?

DARCY: Well, it has this snout on the end, and these two huge, bulbous eyes with tiny little pupils.

LISA: (laughs)

DARCY: And its back is completely covered with these little round humps -- warts. See, listen? [She slaps her jello pig.]

LISA: Where did you get the mold for this?

DARCY: I found it on the street.

LISA: Do you think it was run over by a car or something, Darcy?

DARCY: I don't know. I think somebody handcrafted it. I don't know why someone would want to pound

lumps into the back of their pig mold. I mean, I'm really glad, but I don't think that many people...

LISA: Never underestimate the public, Darcy. I just learned that. There might be many very interesting people out there who would greatly enjoy lumps in their luxurious jello pig.

DARCY: (laughs) It's my multimedia art.

LISA: Ah! No wonder you live in San Francisco!

DARCY: It's not spontaneous, though, because it takes about thirteen hours to gel. I could probably do it in front of an audience and then put it in a fridge and have them look at the fridge for thirteen hours.

LISA: Wow, how much do you think you'd be paid for that?

DARCY: I want ten dollars an hour.

LISA: That's \$130, Dame Darcy!

DARCY: Yeah! But I'm an artist. It's gotta be that much.

THERMOEXCITORY CRYALGESIA

The other night I couldn't sleep. I wanted to sit down. I sat down, my fingers started twitching. I had to jump up. I was tired. I wandered into the bedroom, laid down. "O" I got up. The kitchen was very comforting. I let my fingertips rest against the light bulb because I didn't feel anything. Fixed myself some hot milk. Tried the bedroom again. Blinking t.v., spine tingling -- the sheets felt funny. I saw Darcy -- her right arm was made of broken glass and jagged, curling metal strips attached to a bent-out coat-hanger. She ran a metal strip finger down my cheek, making a cut, and I felt my blood bead. There was broken glass all over the floor. Everything was dark except for the glass shining like snow, and Darcy -- white. Darcy put her glass and metal arm around me and eased me to the floor. I knew that with her weight on me, the glass would puncture my back and prick my legs; I wanted it.

I started awake. Funny I imagined that about Darcy, because I feel very unafraid with her, very undestructive. I got up. Decided to try out the bathroom for a while.

Neon bathroom lights are green at 4 a.m.

Sleeplessness reminds me of biology class -- the greenish light, the smell of formaldehyde, which smells neither of life nor of death, and that queasy, unreal feeling; I was queasy because I couldn't comprehend that I had been given the right to slice into this creature.

I felt queasy and unreal now. The toilet seat was like ice against the dorsal side of my thighs; my belly was hot against the ventral side. It was like the Darcy hallucination -- her warm on my front, the glass cold on my back. I pressed my palms to the floor, mapping patterns out of the brown and beige squares and rectangles of freezing linoleum in that green light.

Two nights after I had that Darcy hallucination, she called and told me that she had been possessed by the desire to throw a glass at a girl's head two nights earlier. She said she (Darcy) was at a show, dressed all in shiny white, clutching her empty glass, imagining it smashing into a thousand pieces against the head of a girl standing across the room from her. I hadn't told her about my hallucination. I hadn't told anyone but my diary. There's no way she could have known. (I suggested to D. that next time she gets that feeling, aim for the feet.)

When we live together in Dogtown, if we drive into San Francisco and Darcy breaks a glass over some girl's head (or if I do), then we'll jump into the getaway car

and speed back to Dogtown, and when the police come, we'll look so warm and happy and innocent, out in the yard with Darcy and Lisa the gerbils in their cage on the third lawnchair, they'll never suspect us.

I can never hear Darcy towards the end of our conversations. This place where she's staying -- they have this incredibly cheap phone -- it must be a toy phone -- which gets progressively more staticy until the connection is broken. Plus, D. starts off calm enough, but by the time an hour or so has gone by, she's all excited and yelling and laughing, and I have to yell back, "What! What!" all the time. Last night I just listened to her yells down the crackly line, and whenever the relatively unexuberant "You know what I mean?" would signal the end of a story, I would say, "Yeah, I know exactly what you mean!" 'Cause I figured I did know exactly what she meant, even if I didn't happen to hear her.

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM DARCY MEGAN S., c/o Nuf Sed, PO Box 591075, San Francisco CA 94159:

Meat Cake--Darcy's comic book that cracks me up so bad I get sick. \$2.50 ← including postage

Meat Cake Calendar--Beginning and ending on Dame Darcy's birthday (June 19, 1992--June 19, 1993), featuring a plethora of holidays, including stayinbedall day. PLUS handy reminders for when you should start and stop menstruating. \$3.50

Please buy many copies of each from Darcy, plus her Meat Angel Dolls (shown a few pages back), plus buy stuff from me (see last page) so as to finance the animated film of the Dancing Dogtown Angels Darcy and I are gonna make (no, the angels aren't us). Plus we have to buy matching shoes now.

CONTINUED FROM PG. 13

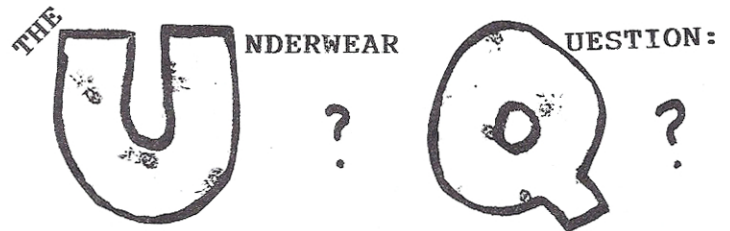
terrible. You should take your family into consideration before you do stuff like that." To this day, he hasn't seen a copy to judge for himself.

ROLLERDERBY: What got the strongest re-action?

DARCY: The scissors up the vagina scene, which isn't about that anyway. But I guess you can't expect hick inbreds to understand or even recognize symbolism.

ROLLERDERBY: Did you try to defend yourself?

DARCY: On Christmas Day, my family ganged up on me like a pack of wild dogs and harangued me. They told me how I shamed the family, how 90 percent of America is conservative, how they think *Meat Cake* is a really bad thing for me to do, how they think I should use a pen name because if I don't, it'll inhibit my chances for writing children's books and all this other stuff. Even though none of them have actually seen *Meat Cake*, they know pornography doesn't go over well. The rumors spread through Hicksville and mutated into my working in a porno shop. A friend's cleaning woman told me this.



A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

by

Lisa "I'll Show You Mine If You Show Me Your Girlfriend's" Carver

Ladies--wear two or even three pairs of panties at a time. Oo-la-la, there's nothing on earth sexier than peeling off a woman's panties to find...MORE panties!

As for you men--don't bother putting on two pairs of your underwear; your underwear, like every other article of male clothing, is utterly ugly, and we don't want to see any more of your drawers than we have to (unless you're Seymour Glass). There's nothing for you men to do except work on your personality--the looks department is a lost cause. May I elaborate? Your bones come out of weird places; your curves aren't nice; you're hairy, and the hair is matted, or worn away in myriad, unsymmetrical patches. You don't smell like us. A woman looks like a grown-up little girl. A man...I don't know what he looks like, but it's certainly not anything like how he started out. Some uncategorizable creature. Basically, men, you look like creeps. I have no idea why I'm so attracted to you.

MORE UNDERWEAR →

OH MY GOSH, THE TROUBLE THERE'LL BE! When we heard over the radio of the acquittal of Rodney King's beaters, we decided to get all the black people of New Hampshire together for a riot. But Paula wasn't home when we called, and since two people don't really constitute a riot, especially when one of us is white, we cancelled it. I'm going someplace other than New Hampshire.

BLACK
POWER!

Never one to skirt a sticky subject, Seymour Glass takes us on a journey to:

The Wild, Wild, World of...

WHAT'S UNDER the WRANGLER'S

I ASKED DARCY MEGANS TO DRAW A PORTRAIT OF ME STANDING ON THE BATHROOM SCALE IN MY UNDERS, BUT SHE LAUGHED HERSELF SICK. NO MATTER. I'LL JUST SWIPE HER FAVORITE RAPIDOGRAPH AND RENDER MYSELF WHEN I GET HOME. THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT TO MYSELF AS THE SOUNDS OF THE CRAZED YELPS OF OUR FAIR-HAired COMIX QUEEN MIXED WITH THE SOUNDS OF HER GERBIL LISA RUNNING FASTER AND FASTER ON ITS LITTLE HABITRAIL WHEEL TO NOWHERE. AT THE TIME, THE EFFECT REMINDED ME OF VINTAGE SPK. LOOKING BACK, I'D HAVE TO SAY IT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE SPK AT ALL, BUT INSTEAD AN HYSTERICAL STRUMPET AND A FRANTIC BALL OF FUR COINCIDENTALLY SHARING THE SAME WAVELENGTH.

I CAN'T REALLY SAY WHAT IMAGE ONE WOULD CONJURE IF HENRY ROLLINS PUT A GUN TO YOUR HEAD AND BARKED, "SEYMOVR GLASS IN HIS UNDERS!" KURT COBAIN PROBABLY HAS MELVINS UNDERWEAR. THURSTON MOORE PROBABLY HAS A BUNCH OF LES PAUL GUITARS ON HIS. LISA CARVER'S MUST SURELY BE WHITE WITH SOME UNDERSTATED BARELY NOTICEABLE PATTERN. EVERYBODY'S SEEN DEBBIE JAFFE'S UNDERS. BUT SEYMOVR GLASS IN HIS UNDERS... HM. TIME'S UP. ROLLINS JUST MADE DOG FOOD OF YOUR BRAIN. BUT DON'T WORRY. AT LEAST YOU WON'T HAVE TO READ HIS TOUR DIARIES AND POETRY ANY MORE.

ANYWAY, A WHILE AGO SOME OF MY FRIENDS DECIDED IT WOULD BE AN UPGRADES PRANK TO CONSPIRE TO GIVE ME UNDERS FOR MY 40th BIRTHDAY, ALL OF THEM INSCRIBED WITH A DIFFERENT MESSAGE IN INDELIBLE INK. SINCE THAT WAS QUITE A LONG TIME AGO I HAVE VERY FEW OF THEM LEFT (PLUS I USED TO GO THROUGH A PAIR PER WEEK). HOWEVER, ENOUGH OF THEM AREN'T READY FOR THE SHREDDER SO THAT ALMOST ANYONE WHO SPENDS TIME WONDERING ABOUT THE 100% COTTON BEHIND THE MYSTIQUE CAN MOVE ON TO MORE INTERMEDIATE TO ADVANCED FASHION STATEMENTS.

"IF FOUND, CALL 658-9601." THIS WAS THE FIRST PAIR I OPENED ON MY BIRTHDAY. NOT KNOWING THAT IT WAS THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG, SO TO SPEAK, I LAUGHED PRETTY HARD, MADE A FEW GOOD SPORT-TYPE JOKES ABOUT ACTUALLY LEAVING 'EM SOMEWHERE TO SEE IF ANYONE CALLED, EVEN PUT 'EM ON MY HEAD, MUCH TO THE HORROR OF THE WAITRESS.

"DIPS" THIS WAS WRITTEN IN BIG LETTERS ACROSS THE BACK. CONSTRUCTION SITE REFERENCES ON ARTICLES OF CLOTHING HAVE ALWAYS GONE OVER BIG IN MY FAMILY. AT THE HEIGHT OF HER SEWING PHASE, WHICH WAS AT THE SAME TIME AS THE BEIGE VELOUR BELL-BOTTOM CRAZE, UNFORTUNATELY, MY MOTHER HELPED ME ESTABLISH PRIME NEWWAVE CREDIBILITY BY INSISTING THAT I WEAR

A TARP MEASURE AS A NECKTIE. "IF THESE UNDERWEAR ARE ROCKIN' DON'T BOTHER KNOCKIN'." I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT STORY WITH THIS PARTICULAR MESSAGE IS.

I GUESS IT'S IMPLIED THAT MY ASS IS AS APPROPRIATE A PLACE FOR BUMPERSTICKERS AS A SHINY PIECE OF METAL. ONCE I SAW A BUMPERSTICKER THAT SAID "SLAM ON YOUR BRAKES IF YOU'RE STONED." I IMAGINED HUGE 16-CAR PILE-UPS HAPPENING ALL UP AND DOWN I-95. THEN I WAS GLAD I WASN'T STONED WHEN I SAW IT BECAUSE I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE DONE IT.

"CAUTION: EXTENSIVE FRONT OVERHANG." YEAH, NOW EVERYONE KNOWS I HAVE A BIG DICK. TOO BAD IT'S A PROSTHESIS.

"WIDE LOAD." USED TO BE ONE OF MY NICKNAMES IN HIGH SCHOOL.

BY THE TIME I WAS KICKED OUT OF PREP SCHOOL, IT HAD MUTATED INTO "LOW TIDE" BECAUSE I STOPPED BATHING. I FORGET WHY EXACTLY. I THINK IT WAS A PERFORMANCE PIECE.

"MY OTHER UNDERWEAR... IS CLEAN!" THE OTHER DAY WHEN I WAS AT THE POST OFFICE, A GRAY-HAIRED OLD LADY CAME UP OUT OF

NOWHERE AND ASKED ME ANGRILY, "DID YOU JUST CALL ME A TRASHY— DID YOU SAY SOMETHING TO ME?" I WANTED TO SAY "A TRASHY WHAT?" BUT SINCE I HADN'T CALLED HER ANYTHING, I THOUGHT IT BEST TO JUST SAY, "NO MA'AM" I SHOULD HAVE FROTHED & FLOPPED ON THE GROUND BUT I HAD RECENTLY SEEN DON'T LOOK NOW AND WAS AFRAID SHE'D SLIT MY THROAT.

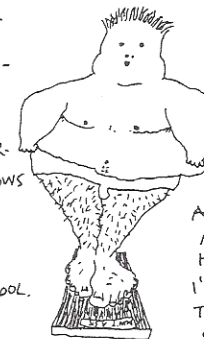
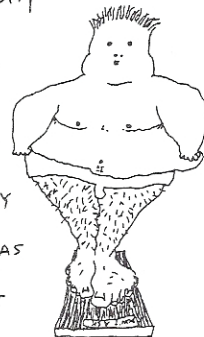
"YIELD." THIS IS MY FAVORITE PAIR. MOST OF THE OTHERS HAVE THE MESSAGE ON THE BACK BUT THIS ONE'S ON THE FRONT, RIGHT WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE BULGE OF MY LITTLE PINK SURFBOARD. I'M CONVINCED SOMEONE COULD MAKE AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY MASS-

PRODUCING YIELD SHORTS. I THINK A DEMOGRAPHIC ANALYSIS WILL SHOW THAT THE WEIGHT-LIFTING & BODY-BUILDING

CROWDS WOULD BE GOOD MARKETS TO EXPLOIT. BEING SOMETHING OF AN

AMATEUR WEIGHT-BUILDER MYSELF, I'VE FOUND THIS GARMENT TO BE QUITE EFFECTIVE AS AN ICE-BREAKER DURING SLOW MOVING FIRST DATES.

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. A WEEK'S WORTH OF MY LAUNDRY IN YOUR HANDS. NEXT TIME I'LL TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF THE MEDICINE CABINET. THE DIET PILLS ALONE COULD FILL TWO OR THREE ROLLERDERBYS.



SHEEN

by *MATE COUTRE*



"If you want something to happen tonight, paint your toenails."--Angelica Huston

In this installment of Sheen, Fashion For The Bedridden, we uncover the power of Vennis A Ongles Vert, green of the cheap variety to be found amongst those other less widely used castaways to the island of broken toys: blue, yellow, orange, purple, etc. Usually metallics, sold under gaudy titles or simply a number on flimsy racks toward the front of your common drugstore in any shopping plaza. For mad women only. You'll never see "Emerald Metallic 13" by Chanel. It's too dangerous for that strata. Color choice reveals a motivation, a desired outcome. If black is a cold star and red is blood/line then green is the link between mineral black (earth) and animal red (blood). Green is tangible earthly delight. Within it dwells the acts that draw blood and put you in the ground. It all started as one strange occurrence in school and it has continued to disrupt my concentration and time passage perception. I've begun to see it as a window into some other world.

The following: 5 points of intersection.

Apples Are To Eve As Green Is To Sex & Drugs (1976)

Take a shy unassuming sixth grade student and place in grasping range the small glass bottle and brush and within the year she is having sex with high school students and smoking pot. Something the remainder of peers didn't do for years. The scene: Monday morning, school room, this shy girl approaches the teacher (we wonder if she was trying to explain them away?) and calls his attention to her weekend's work: green nails and to add a twist -- little apple decals atop each nail. She then walked to the front of the class and slipped off her shoes, then standing on top of them, raised her hands. She was laid bare. 20 green lights and she was gone. Tame pussy turn hell cat. Meow.

Death Rattle From Vagina Dentata (1982)

While pouring over bound back issues of Vogue in the library, I was distracted by an increasingly loud verbal catfight. I glanced over at the two strangers (to see what they were wearing) and apparently my glance was too strong. Directly one of the girls sauntered up to me bringing her face within inches of mine. I looked into her mouth and then to her hands (I always look at a person's hands). Nails bitten down and coated in green, they would have been useless as weapons but provided a great venom. She said hard as nails into my face: "Eat my cunt!" Red balloons popped behind my eyes. I may have been shaking. Beautifully ferocious!

Fetish Goddess Or Green Queen? (1986)

An unattractive 40-ish bleach blonde dripping with three male hangers-on holding court behind a table in a bar that I'd happened to find six dollars outside of. The scene was a cross between a Joe Coleman painting and The Last Supper. Was it the dark roots blasting out of her head creating a sort of glowing halo? Or was it the leg brace? From past experience I knew it had to be all 20 claw-like nails painted metallic green in full view. The sleazy glamour! Wondering what lay in store for one, two, or all three of these men. A staged praying mantis-like sex-death act? I could not stop staring into this window. Positively dreamy.

Come Join The... (1991)

Liza Minelli is spinning head over heels like a sexy stoned swastika (left feminine position) dropping solar agriculture into that great barren tit called Nazism. Sun beams dripping from a suicided Harry Crosby's cock: Freedom, Ecstasy -- the green metallic character. The film was "Cabaret". The nails were green and chosen as another symbol of decadence prior to the full-blown despair. A mirror to contemplate the self. Narcissus. (This princess of now less Babylonian excess always has great nails.) Evil?

Her Satanic Manicure's Request (1992)

The emerald-tipped accursed huntress Lilith returns in symbolic loops and ropes. Somewhere along the line a goathead coughed up a Nurse With Wound bootleg LP. The cover an image of someone with a "Z" holding Joel Grey's face. The mystic ladder of tense expectation. What's next? I'm wet.

FASHION TIP: Although I agree completely with Angelica Huston; in the case of green, the fingernails are the power -- the toes just amplify. (In all other colors it's the opposite.) Don't wear this stuff unless you can. Conformity is ugly. Open a window.

Upcoming installments: Fashion Photographers, Sleeveless Jackets, Prosthesis Glamour, SM Imagery: Worth Your Time & Money?, The Nose of Edith Sitwell, Juntaro N. On Sundresses, & The Scorpion Bottle Trick.

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new prices.
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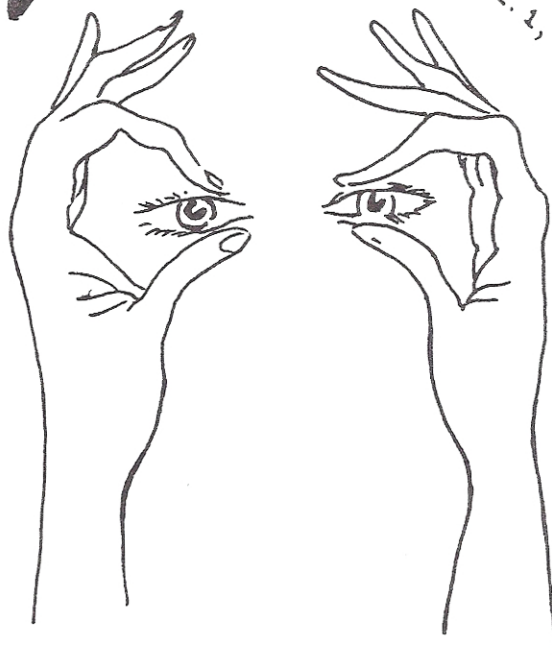
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The Gerogerigegege (sounds like Gay Gay Gay) 7" advertised above includes a most inspired remake of "TV Eye." The tape reviewed at right is available from Vis A Vis Audio Arts, 2-12-3 Hamadayama, Suginama, Tokyo 168, JAPAN. The Manning/Glass 7" is at Majors, P.O. Box 78418, Seattle WA 98178, USA.

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PRE-DANCE REVIEWS

by Lisa Crystal "Do You Want To Go On A
Date?" Carver, of Dover, New Hampshire

I used to spend two or three hours a day pressing Pause and Rewind with left hand, jotting with right, while addressing ad-rates postcards with my toes. Then I realized what an unnecessarily circuitous way of working out that was, and decided to stop trying to be weird, so from now on I'm going to dance in front of the mirror to Michael Jackson just like everybody else, so no more reviews. When MJ said, "Ya got to be startin somethin," he was sure telling it like it is! All that hunched-up, latent energy coiled through my reviewing days is now being released, and how! The following is a little something I wrote just before an endorphinic overdose turned my brain into a refrigerator.

"Gero 30 and I have eaten each other's shit and the audience's shit. The audience was watching us eat shit seriously, and we were also serious. There was not any music playing while we were eating shit, and we could even hear their breathing." That's what Juntaro said in File 13. I thought it sounded pretty, so I sent Juntaro thirteen questions about shit. He answered them all in one fell swoop: "There is no meaning in eating shit." He also told me I have a beautiful face faith. I don't know what that is, but I walked around for days after feeling proud of my beautiful face faith anyway.

Juntaro is 25 years old, slender, and wears tights and shorts, a page-boy hairdo, and cigarettes. Gero 30, the other member of Gerogerigegege, is 53 years old. "He is not married," says Juntaro. "His parents have gone. He works at a bed shop." Gero 30 also has a hobby: masturbating unrestrainedly to a Casio beat before large crowds of people. I'm listening to a tape of it right now.

Now I'm listening to a very long segment of what could be a cap being screwed back on a jar. Then of a magic marker scribbling. Mysteriously, this made me laugh so hard.

There are two other fancy records I've been listening to lately: "Erika Linde in the White Room" by Sponge, and "February 8, 1992" by Barbara Manning & Seymour Glass. I've been wondering about this stuff. It's not the blues. The blues are graspable--just put your hand on your stomach; this other music--where is it? One becomes lost inside it, but one blinks and realizes one has never been less inside anything ever. "...time, its cyclical and illusory nature, and the recurrence of themes and events..."--Howard Frank Mosher.

Never one to be daunted by amorphousness, I've decided to go knock on door 11-2 Tondabayashi-Cho, Tondabayashi City, Osaka 584 JAPAN, and ask for Sponge and get to the bottom of this elusive, seductive, and frustrating business. I'm going to pick me up a girl-scout uniform at the Salvation Army and try to sell Sponge some cookies. Know how the person treats a cookie-seller and you know the soul.

T-SHIRTS Suckdog (below) or Rollerderby (right), B&W, L&XL, poly-cotton (for that nip-showing quality). \$10 each, post-paid. Checks to LISA CARVER, BOX 1491, Dover NH 03820, USA.

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Dear Lisa:

I know this is pretty silly, but I feel that I need to respond to Neil Hagerty's characterization of me as a "fucking weasel" in your last issue. I'm not sure exactly what I did to earn such praise; maybe it was my refusal to lie on their behalf to Gerard Cosloy in their attempt to squeeze more dough out of Matador Records after they blew all \$2000 of their record advance on God knows what. Maybe it was because I declined Neil's offer to share in some "brown tar" heroin he was cooking up, and asked him to please not do heroin in my studio.

Being stood up for four sessions (a rash of "spider bites" on Jennifer's arm and hiding from the landlord were two reasons) and getting stiffed for \$175 I can handle; my tale of RTX woes pales in comparison to the experiences of Gerard Cosloy, Pat Johnson and others. But getting trashed in your esteemed publication after sincerely trying to help them and let them do whatever they wanted in the studio (as well as putting Neil's stoned mumblings into action) is over the line. If you'll excuse me, there's a certain tape I never got paid for that I'm going to send on a "royal trux" to the bottom of the bay now. Cheers!

--Greg Freeman, San Francisco

SUCKDOG is coming to visit! Get out the fancy tablecloth. Yup, Darcy, Costes and Lisa are out and about in Canada and all over the U.S. We have a beautiful magic show planned for you, starting with the Two-Headed Bo Peep story and culminating in The Dream Cabin, in which audience members will enter one at a time. Bring your fantasies, please, and don't be chicken. If we like your fantasy, we'll do it. If we don't, we'll hong kong fooie you!

If anyone knows of a place that would host our travelling circus this July, or if you would like to transport the merry but carless crew anywhere in exchange for gasoline, dinner, and charming conversation, or if you're JUST CURIOUS, call the Rollerdog Hotline: 1 (603) 743-0937.

No! Wait! Don't hang up!
I have more to say! by Lisa

Some people see fit to describe Rollerderby as eclectic. Others call it "smashed together." But I think Rollerderby is extremely unified. For instance, this issue is all about the things I love that have five letters and start with "D": death, dance, and Darcy. I feel that it's all brought together by a Michael Jackson lyric: "And though you fight to stay alive, your body starts to quiver, for no mere mortal can resist the evil of...The Thriller! Ah ha ha ha!"

"Okay," you say, "I see the connection to dance--when your body 'starts to quiver'--and to death, naturally...but where does Darcy come in?" Easy! I can't resist her!

You see, we are all one. Unity! Oi!

I've received some highly interesting virgin sex stories. One guy had just undergone a hernia operation and "the whole mess was bandaged with a clear plastic covering which served as a window to view the wound draining blood-streaked, corn-colored pus" and it burst all over his beloved's belly. Another guy was so stimulated he threw up solid kernels of corn. I want MORE. Your story doesn't have to be gross or thrilling or connected to corn--just true and detailed.

It has been brought to my attention that a lot of you out there have not lost your virginity, and thus have been unable to tell me about it. I would like to know the sex demographics of my readers. Please send in a postcard listing 1. age at time of first, fateful squelching, 2. age now, and 3. how many people have you done it with between question one and two? (Or else skip 1-3 and just write VIRGIN on the postcard.) I'll publish the statistics next issue, as well as my choice of your true-life cherry-popping stories.

As for you virgins out there--I love you, you misplaced sweeties. Johnny Cash wears black "for the reckless ones whose lives have left them cold." I wish for Rollerderby to be a little fire and slippers for all the irregular and uncomfortable souls of the world. Come home, my lovelies!